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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 2, 1902. NUMBER 18

When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive.

—*From Message of President Roosevelt.*

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1902. NUMBER 18

'Ah th'o the times when some new thought
can bud,
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore.
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden
year.
'When wealth no more shall rest in
mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker
man
Thro' all the seasons of the golden year.

* * * * * * * * *

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The fly is said to stand, in regard to its size, midway between the smallest known animal and the largest. This makes man considerably bigger than the average creature in physical stature and he is the only animal that can see all his fellow creatures within this range, and he could not see the larger part of them if he did not have a microscope. Where did the microscope come from? Who gave it to him and what was it given to him for?

Last Sunday the First Baptist Church of Chicago took tearful leave of the Rev. P. S. Henson, who brought his twenty years' ministry in Chicago to a close. This week he takes his departure for Brooklyn, where he enters upon another pastorate. Dr. Henson has never been suspected of "liberal tendencies" in theology. We have always known where to find him, —on the off side of nearly every issue and principle dear to UNITY, but he has been a genial foe. He is a jolly conservative and has done much toward keeping Chicago lively. Wherever he goes he drives away stupidity. We shall miss our genial neighbor and we commend him to the cheerful hospitalities of Brooklyn.

There was a significant memorial service held in Isaiah Temple (Rabbi Stolz's), Chicago, last Saturday morning when the eightieth birthday of the venerable Dr. Felsenthal was celebrated. Dr. Felsenthal is the mentor of the rabbinical fraternity in Chicago. His ministry covers forty years of Chicago life. He was a liberal power in the religious life of Chicago in the days of Robert Collyer, Dr. Ryder, Professor Swing and the earlier years of Dr. Thomas, with whom he found congenial fellowship and among whom he was always ready to be counted when the cause of righteousness, justice or charity called. He was a liberal in the best sense of the word, willing to subordinate trifles in order to better emphasize principles. He was one of the first to accept on sociological ground the Sunday opportunity to the Jew by transferring his Sabbath Day service to the Christian rest day.

Like a ripened sheaf of wheat the Reverend Dr. J. W. Hanson has been gathered in by the sickle of the reaper we call Death. Dr. Hanson had passed his eighty years. He was on his way to California and fell asleep on the train while it was climbing the high mountains in the neighborhood of Flag Staff, Ariz. Dr. Hanson was a Universalist of the old sort. For many years as the editor of *The New Covenant,* he was the leader of that movement here in the west. He was a controversialist of the consecrated kind. What he saw he saw very clearly and urged persistently. His methods are outgrown, his contentions have largely ceased to be live ones, simply because the world has gone by its dread of hell or its fear of the devil. Of him it may well be said, he worked with energy and consecration for the truth as he saw it. He earned the peace of death and justified his high hopes of heaven.

Again the Christmas tree did it. A large flat building in Chicago, seven stories high, the home of eighteen families and representing one hundred thousand dollars of money, was reduced to ashes last Sunday night. And the fire started from the lighting of a Christmas tree for the fifth time for the entertainment of a little blind child. He could not see the tapers when lit, but the dear little boy liked to know that they were burning. In the face of this sweet pleasure to mother and child it is perhaps ungracious but not unreasonable to again ask the question, Must the Christmas tree go? Here are some of the menacing facts: The annual holocaust of property and life that results from the Chritsmas tree; the ever increasing extravagance and commercialism of the Christmas gift season which may be somewhat aggravated by the presence of the Christmas tree; and the awful denudation of young forests in order to meet the demands of the Christmas tree market; the extent of this devastation has never yet been adequately computed, but the importance of which is just beginning to reach the economist and the philanthropist. We await conclusive figures from the forestry department at Washington or elsewhere. Must the Christmas tree go? Is the Christmas cheer and the legitimate hilarity of the Christmas time to old and young inseparably connected with the Christmas tree?

The Rev. David Beaton is another minister who is not afraid to tell the truth in his pulpit concerning current iniquity lest he might be found "preaching politics." Neither is he content with the conventional "preaching of Jesus Christ and him crucified" which will not disturb the man in public position who betrays

his trust, the man in private life who is indifferent to civic weal, or the man who, while indulging in luxurious emotions of piety on Sunday, continues to pursue his gradgrind philosophy during the week. Last Sunday Mr. Beaton had some religious and civic lessons from the past year. He saw people forgetting creed differences and seeking points of union. He found grounds for civic cheer in the victory of Seth Low in New York. Speaking of developments nearer home, he said:

"Some local events in Chicago go to show that our present mayor is a good man according to his lights, and that he has done noble service in helping us to a decent common council, in abolishing the wine rooms and generally standing for civic decency. Chicago is a long way from civic perfection, but the spirit of public decency has breathed upon the present executive and our hope is that he may yet see what a magnificent opportunity for making his city glorious remains to him.

"Our governor, however, has, in blasting the hopes which the people placed in an honored name, committed the most dastardly civic offense of which a public servant can be guilty against a whole community. 'O, Lucifer, son of the morning, how hast thou fallen!' This is the universal exclamation of anger and amazement at the partisan use of power by one whose name, traditions and breeding as well as promises led the commonwealth to expect an administration of civic purity and reform.

"But the indignation of a whole people against this treachery is the best indication that the administrative offices, the public institutions and the educational machinery of our state will yet be freed from the embrace of partisan bosses.

It is estimated that nearly seven thousand people visited the Art Institute in Chicago last Sunday and in that way saw the great peace sermon being preached there in these days by Vereshchagin, whose pictures are such ethical protests against war. We wish that this sermon might pass before the eyes of every American voter. Perhaps the artist can accomplish what the preacher and the philosopher have thus far failed in—convicting those in authority of high crime whenever they pervert the resources of the earth to the arts of war. It was a sad incident in the closing days of the year when Secretary Long, of the President's Cabinet, in the launching of a great battleship, undertook to break the logic and parry the moral protest of Edward Everett Hale and others against the show and costliness of the naval machinery of destruction, the infernal enginery designed to destroy life and property. Perhaps Mr. Long could not have avoided the honor of making the dedicatory address over that which his own hands and brain had helped bring into being, but he could have given his oratory wings in more harmless directions. A gentleman of his ability ought at least to try to make common cause with the messengers of peace and to make real the angel song of Christmas even though he be Secretary of the Navy. The day has gone by when public intelligence can complacently listen to a man of brains and of culture justify the expenditure of money on the mere ground of "keeping it a going." Secretary Long justifies the six dollars per family tax throughout the United States involved in the hundred million dollars' expenditure for the extension of the navy on the score that "a good many families would find their income many times six dollars less if the appropriation were not passed." We commend to Secretary Long the John Ruskin solution of this problem. He advised the young lady who would justify her elaborate and fashionable dresses on the score that the money went to needy seamstresses, to dress neatly sensibly and healthily, buying good stuff that would wear and look well, and then buy as much of the other stuff and put as much work on it as she could afford and forthwith burn it.

Nineteen Hundred and One.

The year gone has been an "eventful year." What year of God is not? It has recorded its notable triumphs and sounded its high notes of progress. No year since the morning stars first sang together for joy has failed in the one or been wanting in the other, but we are too close to distinguish between the truly great and the trivial.

In these closing days of the year we may call the roll of our "illustrious dead," but it will take another century before any one can compile the list of the famous births of Nineteen Hundred and One.

The year has certainly testified to the growing liberality and the deepening religiousness of life, at least as it is apprehended by the scholars. Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" is the one eminent book of doubt and denial. Even here the spirit of sincerity and ability displayed overrule the doubts and compel them to reinforce faith. There is a long list of books issued last year that testify that the radicalism of today is characterized by its in-rooting rather than by its uprooting; it is a radicalism of affirmation and not of negation; it is doubt in the interest of faith, criticism in the service of belief. Witness the strikingly progressive books that have come to us from the strongholds of orthodoxy, such as the writings of Professors Coe, of the Northwestern University; Paine, of the Bangor University; King, of Oberlin, and Bradford, of the Wesleyan University of Ohio.

But this movement toward liberal things is not confined to the world of books nor even yet to the so-called Christian world.

Japan has just secured for its national university a great Max Müller library which is to be devoted to the study of philology and comparative religions and the Maha-Bodhi Society, with headquarters in Ceylon, has organized this year a literary section for the purpose of bringing out popular editions of Buddhist texts and for the study of the religious treasures found in the Pali language, which is today the inheritor of much of the deathless lore once entrusted to the Sanskrit.

The *Literary Digest* has been discussing this year what it calls "A world wave of anticlericalism," in which it showed how in Portugal, France, Italy, Austria and Russia, as well as in the Philippines and America, there was a rising protest against the political and sacerdotal influence of the clergy.

Let no one interpret this "anticlerical" movement (and such doubtless exists) as a movement away from religion. It is not even a movement away from the church. It is an attempt to bring religion down to date and to prod forward a laggard church. At this distance even the hatchet of Carrie Nation loses much of its grotesqueness. It is an erratic outburst of lawlessness against the greater lawlessness of that habitual disregard of both statute and moral law which cor-

rupts youth and debauches manhood. It is one more attempt to bring the life of today up to the wisdom of today. The many sided labor agitations, the final overthrow of Tammany, confessedly largely through the influence of the clergy and the women; the organization of an industrial commission, the advance made in the interest of better tenement houses in large cities, the jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and the Pan-American Congress in Mexico, the growth of the Federal movement in Australia, the marvelous development of the library in many ways and forms, the successful inauguration of the town public school movement in some of the states (though not in Illinois), the decline of bitterness, even the loss of interest in the Presbyterian revision movement, which is still going on; the rising tide of indignation against the atrocities of the "reconcentrado" camps established by the English army for Boer wives and children; our own grim and glum weariness of our Philippine problem, the tastelessness of our own victories and the apparent worthlessness of the conquests that do not conquer and of victories that are not victorious, all go to show that in spite of reckless bills to extend our navy and the wild figures that prove the unchecked march of militarism, the world is slowly coming into a common consciousness and that civilization will be satisfied with nothing but a civic righteousness that will stand out in striking contrast to and will resist in every legitimate way the statecraft of monarchy and the factional and patronage abuses of democrcy, as did the personal morality of Christendom contend with the personal debaucheries of the Roman Empire in the days of the gladiatorial shows and of imperial profligacy.

In view of these large issues and the world movements there is but little significance in the boasted "exhibits of prosperity" offered by our daily papers in their annual summaries; there is little satisfaction in the military triumphs which the year records for the Anglo-Saxon; there is but little encouragement in the billion dollar steel trust perfected during the year; there is little place for pride in the billion and a half Congress that went out of existence last spring in order to give way to what will probably prove to be a two billion Congress organized this fall. There is not much significance in the startling figures paraded as "charity" on behalf of the few multi-millionaires of America. Philip D. Armour's two and a half millions for the institute that bears his name came out of an estimated fortune of seventy million or more. John D. Rockefeller has given eight or nine million to the University of Chicago, just about the sum which some years ago he testified in a court of justice was the indefinite margin in his fortune, i. e., he swore that he could not tell within seven or eight million of how much he was worth. And Andrew Carnegie with all his lavish generosity to library, college and university in Scotland and in the United States, is still unable to keep pace with his income, never touching the uncounted capital back of it. Let no one hastily undertake to interpret their significance. Whether they point to degeneracy or growth, whether they are in league with heaven or hell is a question concerning which the opinion of the most astute philosopher unilluminated by time is of little moment.

There was much rejoicing in the United States over the defeat of Lipton's yacht, and many chivalrous acknowledgements to the gracious though defeated Englishman, but the beauty of Shamrock II. is greatly marred by the protest of Lady Somerset and others in behalf of the underpaid shop girls in Lipton's great tea houses.

We must look behind these figures before we find spiritual inspiration in Nineteen Hundred and One. Tutored by the inscriptions on the pylons of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, we must go beyond the material triumph in search of spiritual excellency.

Said the inscriptions:

"A FREE STATE EXISTS ONLY IN THE VIRTUE OF THE CITIZEN."

"WHO GIVES WISELY BUILDS MANHOOD IN THE STATE. WHO GIVES HIMSELF GIVES BEST."

"BETWEEN NATION AND NATION AS BETWEEN MAN AND MAN LIVES THE ONE LAW OF RIGHT."

So while we rejoice in the successful harnessing of Niagara, the success of the wireless telegraphy that perhaps has already winged its way across the ocean, the confident declaration on the part of science that it is waging a winning battle against consumption, the white plague of modern times, and the daring hope that even the cancer germ is to meet its Waterloo at the hands of the "X" ray, we will turn from all this when we search for the most significant facts and figures of Nineteen Hundred and One, and find them in the inspiring ten years University Extension movement in America as set forth by Lyman P. Powell, of the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly;* in the splendid story of success on quiet lines that was brought out by the retirement of President Gilman from his twenty-five years' administration of Johns Hopkins University; in the traditions and the prophecies that gathered around the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Yale College last autumn, and the millennial celebration of the death of King Alfred, more honored today as the father of English literature than as the first of English kings. In noting the events that mark the spiritual progress of our country and the world let us give prime significance to those who have labored for civic honor, the Municipal Voters' League and the Citizens' Association of Chicago; the valiant fight of Governor La Follette and his associates in Wisconsin for a direct primary law, defeated this time but sure to win farther on; the decision of the Supreme Court concerning the constitutional rights of our "island possessions" no longer, but our island associates which will put to the practical test Congress' boast of disinterestedness and altruistic love for these brown brethren of the tropics. If we love them for their humanity's sake we will welcome them to the freedom of our commercial table. If we love them for our dollars' sake we will hasten to correct the damage done to American pocketbooks by the integrity of the Supreme Court and make right under statute enactment what was wrong under constitutional provision. We will rejoice in the tri-

umph of Seth Low in New York and believe that perhaps the most oracular utterance of the year found in a state paper is the sentence from President Roosevelt's message, which says:

"WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, THE RULE OF BROTHERHOOD REMAINS AS THE INDISPENSABLE PREREQUISITE TO SUCCESS IN THE KIND OF NATIONAL LIFE FOR WHICH WE STRIVE."

Nineteen Hundred and One has been a busy year for the statisticians. The footings of the census takers of 1900 are not yet complete, but the aggregates are beginning to be sufficiently clear to carry spiritual suggestion and to propound ethical problems. The population of the world at this beginning of the twentieth century is somewhere in the neighborhood of a billion and a half of human beings. About 140,000,000 of these represent the Western Hemisphere; 76,304,799 of them belong to the United States, 13,485,510 more than in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety. Europe has 99.66 persons to the square mile, Asia 48.57, Africa 14.77, America averages only 8.96 and the United States 21.28. This increase of figures no longer arouses any malthusian fears of over population and starvation for want of material, for the resources of this old earth-home of ours are multiplied by science at a much higher ratio than is the population of man.

The problem of the future is, then, purely an ethical one. Happiness and plenty are commodities no longer to be measured by the physical resources or possibilities of earth. They are absolutely the results of spiritual condition whether we study the life of the individual, the city, the state or the world.

These considerations propound to each other such questions as these: What is my contribution to this problem in the year Nineteen Hundred and One? With what potency have I winged my dollars? What vitality have I given to my bank stock? What right have I won to what I call mine; where did I get it from and what did I get it for? We never made our dollars any more than did we make the finger nails that scratched them together or the eyes that saw where they were and pointed the way to them.

Again by the solar swing of our planet we are summoned as children of time before the bar of eternity to show cause for our being here, to justify our joy, to make good our title to this spot of earth and space of time which we have pre-empted and which we would fain believe is our homestead. Today we are summoned to "prove up" or to "move on." Unless we are a little nearer the thing we ought to do, and have shortened the distance between our actual and our ideal during the year gone we are profitless tenants, and unworthy stewards.

There are open hours
When God's will sallies free,
And the dull idiot might see
The flowing fortunes of a thousand years;
Sudden, at unawares,
Self-moved, fly to the doors,
Nor sword of angels could reveal
What they conceal.

(From "Merlin."—Emerson.)

Life and Example.

My heart thrills deep with this demand of fate,
That I at least add what I may to truth,
And keep in purity the hopes of youth,
And follow gentleness, nor hesitate
One moment where I cast my spirit's weight,
It must be on the side of love and truth,
And be their evidence and strength forsooth—
To keep the world in onward path and straight!
One little blade of grass, one drop of dew,
And will they count in this great earth of ours?
One golden gleam in heaven's dark or blue,
What matters it in heaven's wealth of flowers?
The answer is the great and little stand,
In service sweet and blest at God's right hand!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

Divine Guidance in Human Affairs.

(Sermon Preached by Joseph F. Newton in the Universalist Church, Dixon, Ill.)

No one can study the annals of the past without realizing that there is a divine presence residing in and presiding over the developments and destiny of mankind, changing revolution into evolution, and guiding the tangled and turbulent affairs of men into orderly progress. It is impossible to contemplate the unconscious and unintentional tendencies of the race toward a higher life without feeling that the whole sweep of human life is directed by a gracious hand. Any rational interpretation of history, any faithful analysis of progress, can end only in witnessing to the supreme fact of the unseen government of the world. A scientific account of the human career, of the evolution of the social order, of the vast world movements of which we are an infinitesimal part, compels us to acknowledge that man is governed by laws he has not yet apprehended, though they have apprehended him, and though his movements are the inspiration of their wisdom and the compulsion of their powers. If there has been progress from the beginning it has come from a thought behind and above all; it has been by divine direction, and not by human intuition. It has been accomplished by man while acting in utter ignorance of the ultimate end. Sometimes it seems that progress has been achieved not by man, but in spite of man; an Unseen Energy has seemed to overcome the inertia of humanity. Men inaugurate enterprises and the results are entirely different from that which they anticipated; other influences appear and all calculations are reduced to confusion; evil works out for good and defeat is changed into victory; designs are contrived and executed, and the outcome is something the very existence of which the promoters never imagined. The cumulative experience of the race would seem to be in proof of the presence of the Eternal in the history of man. This truth may conceal itself in the details of life, but it is unveiled in the generalities of history. In this conviction the prophets of all ages have found refuge and consolation. The mightiest men have lived and wrought in this serene and lofty faith. It was the inplicit philosophy of those whose names are best remembered by the race.

The old idea of God as a power inside of nature, ruling over the universe from a distant throne, and manifesting himself in supernatural interferences, is rapidly passing away, and in its stead is coming a truer and nobler conception of God as the living essence in all nature, the underlying, vitalizing, almighty Spirit of the Universe. Men are coming to think of the Eternal not as a Being among beings, limited by a local habitation, but as the Universal Spirit, the invisible reality enshrined in all the myriad forms of existence, the unescapable and yet uncapturable Presence in which

the mind lives and moves and makes its progress. It is believed that all material appearances are the vesture of an Infinite Spirit; that the universe is centered in Spiritual Intelligence; that the ultimate reality is the Living God. Underneath the conscious life of the individual and society, below the arts and institutions of the race, the creative source of its genius and its character, its Bibles and its Temples, is the Eternal Spirit. The visible and tangible world is but a symbol of the real; the awful truth lies in the invisible, the intangible, in the realm of the supersensuous and everlasting. Sensuous experience is nothing if it be not the speech of the Infinite to the finite, the communion of God with those made in His image. Happy is he who finds in the changing moods of the outer world the same active, living presence which is also in the mind of man; he alone knows the meaning of life. This conception of God as the omnipresent intelligence, as the spiritual life that is beating in all nature and pulsating in all human struggle and aspiration, as the divine beauty which is the inspiration of human thought, is held by the foremost thinkers of our age. Indeed, it has been the thought of the highest souls of all ages, the conception of the clearest visioned prophets of all religion. The Eternal Spirit, the invisible soul of the visible universe, pulsating in all nature, pervading all space, voiced in all sound, revealed in all color, enfolded in all forms, this august and incomprehensible Intelligence is the Father with whom Jesus claimed kinship, and with whom he communed in hours of lofty experience. Holding this conception of God, of course modern thinkers believe that he is guiding human affairs; that he is present in the life of mankind, directing the march of nations; tearing down here and building up there; overthrowing old kingdoms, destroying old forms, and establishing new civilizations on their ruins.

But the question comes, How does the Divine Father direct the affairs of men and of nations? It is unnecessary to state that, in the light of modern knowledge, the idea of the miraculous government of the world has long since become spiritually unthinkable. The disappearance of supernaturalism is a triumph of intelligence. But the idea of the supernatural must not be confounded with the idea of the superphysical. The distinction is fundamental and important. There is an unknown natural, but there is no evidence of the existence of supernatural agencies in human history. It does not seem a matter of doubt that there is a spiritual order imminent in and transcendent above the physical universe, an unseen existence at the base and back and summit of the natural world, but it is believed that this higher realm is a realm of law and order. Certainly the idea of the universal reign of law is a more majestic thought than the idea of supernatural interruptions of the natural order. The belief in miracles is discordant with the mental habits induced by the general study of science, and it will gradually disappear as the scientific spirit becomes more widely diffused. Happily the whole debate has been deeply and decently buried; it may be very important, but it is no longer interesting. The universal reign of law in the universe is so generally accepted that the world of thought and knowledge has ceased even to defend it. Life is brooded over with mystery and every blade of grass is instinct with wonder, but a universe bound by hidden threads of law into a stately order is far more impressive than any miracle recorded in the sacred literature of the East.

History makes it plain that there is no such divine guidance in human affairs as will prevent the temporary triumph of might over right. This fact is most strikingly illustrated in the story of Jesus of Nazareth. By common consent the Man of Galilee was the most perfect embodiment of truth and righteousness the world has ever known. And yet this radiant man who was gentle and patient and kind, whose heart was a great deep into which the waves of wrong rushed with no recoil, and from whose bosom in return for injury and ingratitude there flowed an exhaustless stream of forgiveness, this man whose charity was so large that it folded itself like a mantle about the sons of men from the lowest to the highest, this man who spoke of all men as his brothers and saw the image of God in each one, this man who spoke of women just as if he dreamed of his mother, and who walked and talked with God as his Father—this great white soul was falsely accused, crowned with thorns, cruelly scourged, and crucified in the company of thieves. The prophet of righteousness was the object of insult, and all the expectations that had centered in him seemed laid in the dust forever; the victory of unrighteousness was complete. The example is typical. The student of history, instead of finding righteousness always in the ascendency, finds periods in which the whole world was given over to the workers of iniquity. Human annals are saturated with blood, blistered with tears, and crimson with the trail of tragedy. Again and again truth and justice have been sacrificed, the most sacred rights of man have been trampled under foot by savage monsters, and oppressors have wielded the scepter while the cries of humanity have ascended to heaven in protest. He who watches the circle of the ages sees one lengthened reign of blood and tears. It is not strange that sensitive spirits should question the faith in the presence of God in human life. The mood in which history seems a desert swept clean of every foot-print of God is perfectly natural. From time immemorial the prosperity of the wicked has been a stumbling stone in the path of faith.

How then does God shape the affairs of man? In the present stage of our knowledge but one answer is possible. That God guides the affairs of men only as he can succeed in educating humanity into accord with what is true and beautiful; that he shapes the life of mankind, not from without as the potter shapes the clay, but from within as he unfolds the rose bud; that he is in human history moulding it only to the extent that his spirit is enthroned in the minds of the men who make history; that the kingdom of heaven can come no faster than the divine ideal can be incarnated in the consciousness of the race as a guiding principle leading men to think and to choose that which is in harmony with the eternal law of righteousness; that "the race must become partner in the moral enterprise, fellow-worker with the universe as its ethical task, if its heart of rhythm and soul of fire are to stand fully revealed." If God be not in human affairs as righteousness realized, we rejoice in the belief that He is in them as an invisible power making for righteousness. History abundantly justifies this proposition. Steadily and slowly the divine spirit has been incarnating itself in the life of humanity. There is more of the Christ-spirit in human life today than there was when Jesus walked in Galilee and preached his sermons by the sea. The Eternal Spirit is unfolding itself in the consciousness of the race and men are coming to be more pitiful, more humane, more Godlike. History is the cure for pessimism; for age by age reveals the progress of man in truth and righteousness. He who ascends the high pinnacle of philosophy and surveys the long result of time must see that the good is eternal and that the evil is self-consuming; that the spirit of truth is stronger and more enduring than the spirit of error; that the universe is ever working for the overthrow of injustice and the triumph of righteousness. Particular events must be considered as incidents in the larger plan of progress; the days must be explained by the centuries. The prophet of God may be crucified, but no rock-

sealed sepulchre can imprison the truth. In its nature it is deathless as God its father is deathless. Instead of being destroyed by the crucifixion of its representative, the spirit of Jesus was made more powerful, and with the cross as its conquering symbol it has marched down the ages, quickening and elevating the life of mankind. The efforts of holy men are re-enforced by the silent and unfailing laws of nature which operate to avenge and retrieve the wrong. The world is somehow built upon a moral foundation. Righteousness is immortal, it is endowed with a divine vitality. Even while the tyrant, unmindful of the groans of his subjects, is exulting in imagined power and security, the divine spirit is working in the hearts of the people, stirring them to rise in their majesty and might to hurl him from his throne and bear the cause of human freedom forward on the waves of revolution. Experience justifies the expectation of Isaiah, that, "as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are planted in it to spring forth, so the Lord will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before the nation."

But it may be urged that this is not the whole of the question. The real issue, we are told, is why the possibility of evil, to say nothing of its presence, should be involved in the plan of life, if absolute omnipotence and infinite benevolence be associated in the administration of the universe. It has been said that omnipotence should produce perfection by fiat. But here we are clearly beyond the range of our intelligence. There is a mystery about the nature of evil which only he who made us capable of sin that we might become righteous can comprehend. One feels that the brooding Spirit must be a grand one, indeed, to enclose so much of what cannot be its will, and turn all to its purpose of eternal good. If we may not say that the development of human beings involves the necessity, it at least involves the possibility, of sin, for goodness would seem to lose its essential character if human nature were incapable of evil. It is the very nature of a spiritual being that it cannot endow another with its perfection. The Eternal Mind cannot simply make over its perfection to its children, apart from an appropriating activity and experience akin to its own. Character is not an endowment; it is an achievement; it is the trophy of moral valor and conquest. The dream of the primitive perfection of the race would seem to be devoid of rational authority as it certainly is of historical basis. Nor is there anything repugnant to reason in the belief, which science seems to justify, that what presents itself to our minds as evolution toward perfection, rather than perfection created by fiat, is the principle upon which the divine plan proceeds. If the actual facts around us cannot be rationally justified, they can be historically justified as necessary stages in a process, the results of which are hidden, but which may be inferred from the nature of man and from the slow eternal trend of things toward a higher existence. Life is and must be, so far as we can discover, a sphere for action, the condition of struggle being essential to effort, but the divine presence ultimately enfolds all; and it is believed that all are provided for in the boundless resources of the universe, which are directed, in the eternal movement and final drift of things, to the perfection of the individual. Of course this suggestion is not a satisfactory solution of the problem of evil, but it may help us to that deeper solution which can be found only in practical experience. The man who meets temptation and triumphs over evil solves the riddle of evil.

In a passage of singular elevation, both of thought and language, a recent writer speaks of the purpose of the Eternal concerning mankind: "The desire and passion of God is to beget souls of men through the long-birth processes and the eons of nature; souls that shall be separate from His own soul, and that shall stand over against Him, so that He can look upon them, and have communion with them and not be alone. And in order that the souls of men shall become separate and distinct from the soul of God, it is necessary that God should hide Himself, and that men should learn to trust their own thoughts and their own eyes. In this withdrawal of God is the peril and crisis of creation, the inevitable opportunity of sin, the tragedy and pathos of our life upon this earth." Veiled in a glamor of fascinating mystery, from which the philosophic imagination retreats in conscious insufficiency, the Eternal Father watches over the life of man with unimaginable solicitude and patience. This Universal Spirit in which all things exist, this Presence which transfigures the universe with a strange and solemn beauty, and without whom there would be no life in music, no meaning in poetry, no colossal achievement of human genius, eludes our grasp, not by His remoteness, but by His intimate nearness. Human impatience is the result of a failure to appreciate the magnitude of the divine enterprise. Our little plans are easily executed; but the Eternal Mind is moving with inconceivable rapidity to "one far-off divine event" the magnificence of which we cannot imagine. Manifold and inexplicable are the workings of the Infinite; human intelligence cannot adequately measure them; they are beyond us. But if we realize the presence of God in all life, we shall have a philosophy of existence without pessimism, a faith that is all-animating like and inspiration, a new appreciation of the possibilities of our human lips, a vision of the ultimate triumph of righteousness in all souls and in all worlds.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XI.

Jacob and Esau.

I have been telling you some beautiful stories about Abraham and his family there in Canaan. But now I must come to something else in my tales, which is very sad. I wish it were possible for me not to say anything about it. I wish it had never happened at all. It ought not to have happened, because it was something very bad indeed. But, as you know, people in the world are not all good; and then too, some people are not very good and not very bad. Now and then it happens that people who are not very bad in their characters, may do really bad things which they have to regret all their lives.

I have to tell you the story of two brothers, and at once it will make you think about the story of those two brothers, Cain and Abel. But this is not about a murder, although it is something almost as bad. One of these brothers for some reason did not always tell the truth; at times he would acually tell lies; and I think you will feel after you have heard the story, that this brother was almost as bad as Cain. But you must know about this, because it is a part of my story and there is no way to avoid it. You must know something about the evil which has taken place in the world, as well as the good which is there.

My story is about two children of Isaac and Rebekah. It seems that their first boys were twins; and they called one Esau and the other Jacob. These boys were not at all alike in their ways or their characters. As they grew up Esau became fond of hunting, and as this was one way of making a living in those days,

Esau became a hunter. But Jacob, on the other hand, liked the work which had been followed by his father Isaac and his grandfather Abraham. He lived in tents and kept flocks and herds.

Now, although these two boys had been "twins," as we say, yet Esau had been born just a little before Jacob and was therefore called the elder son. And it was customary in those days that the eldest son should receive what was known as the "birthright." This meant that he should have most of the wealth owned by his father after his father's death; not only that, but that he should be the head of the whole family or tribe. And as Esau was the eldest of the two brothers, it was established that he should receive the birthright later on and become the head of the family. And Isaac, the father, had though of it in this way all through his life.

But the boy Jacob was not pleased that his brother Esau should receive the birthright. He kept thinking that he wanted it for himself, and that he would like to become the head of the family after his father's death. This was not right, because the law of the land had fixes it otherwise; and he should have been content and made the best of it. I am quite sure that his father Isaac would not have left him without anything at all. What Jacob really wanted, I suppose, was the honor of being the head of the family. And the more he thought of it, the more he made up his mind that in some way or other he would try to get that birthright even if he had to steal it from his brother.

As I have said, if he were to do this, he would have to be deceitful and tell lies. But it may be that he thought that inasmuch as he was twin brother with Esau, he had about as much right to the honor as Esau himself. And when people want anything very much, sometimes they do not stop to think of the bad conduct they may have to be guilty of, in order to get what they are after. I do not really suppose that Jacob at the start intended exactly to cheat or lie or to steal; but he just wanted that birthright. What is more, he felt somehow that his brother Esau, as a hunter, was not just the right sort of a man to become the head of a family. Then, too, perhaps Esau himself would not care about it.

In the first place, Jacob would have to get Esau to promise to give up his birthright. Unless this was done there would be no hope for Jacob. And now what do you suppose Jacob did? It was something awfully mean. One day, Esau, who had been hunting, came in very hungry indeed. He had not eaten anything for a long while, and was so weak and faint that he could scarcely stand. He thought he was about to die for lack of food. And there close by him stood Jacob with some red pottage in his hand, the kind of food which they had there in those days. Esau, almost at the point of death, faint and weak from hunger, scarcely able to stand, raised himself up and turned to Jacob, and said with a weak voice: "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage, for I am faint." Jacob saw that he had his chance. I hate to tell you what he did, it was so mean and selfish and wicked.

There was his brother almost dying of hunger; and this is what he said to Esau: "Sell me first, thy birthright." Esau could do nothing. He thought to himself, I shall die of hunger unless I give in to what Jacob asks of me. An so in order to get food and save himself from dying of hunger, he promised his birthright to Jacob. This is why we often hear nowadays about "selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage."

But while this had taken place between Jacob and Esau, the father Isaac knew nothing about it. I suppose Esau had not told his father, and I am sure Jacob had begun to feel ashamed of it and did not say anything about it himself. But the time had come when Isaac was an old man and just about to die; and he had to give his "Blessing," as it is called, to his elder son Esau, handing over to him the family wealth and making him the head of the family.

The custom was at such a time that the eldest son should kneel before his father, while the father would lay his hands on the son's head and speak the blessing, and then give him all the wealth and make him the head of the family. It seems that Esau and Jacob had been born when Isaac was quite an old man, so that by the time they grew up, the father was about to die.

Now came the moment when Jacob would have to make up his mind whether he would try to carry out his plan of getting the birthright and blessing away from Esau. He had not talked about it any more since he had stolen the promise from his brother in that cruel way. It may be that he wished he had never done this; yet he had not lost his desire for that birthright. He went on thinking about it just the same. And what makes it all the more sad is that his mother cared more for him than she did for his brother. This had been very wrong in Rebekah, and we cannot help blaming her for it. While she possessed a kindly spirit, as was shown by her treatment of the messenger at the well in the land of the Chaldees; and while she had been a true and loving wife to Isaac; yet this favoritism was not just the right thing. She wanted to get the birthright for Jacob, as much as he wanted it himself. She did not want it to go to Esau.

In the meantime, Isaac, the old father, who was now almost if not quite blind, called Esau, his elder son, and said unto him, "Son," and he answered, "Here am I." And Isaac said: "Behold I am old and shall soon die; now therefore, take I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow, and go to the field and take me some venison; and make me savory meat such as I like and bring it to me that I may eat; that I may give thee my blessing before I die."

And Rebekah heard when Isaac spoke in this way to his son Esau, and at once began to think how she should act in order to get the birthright and blessing for her other boy Jacob. This is not a pleasant story, and I am glad I shall be through with it soon. But we must go on.

Rebekah made up her mind that she would deceive her husband Isaac. And so she said to Jacob, "Behold I hear thy father speaking unto Esau thy brother, saying 'bring me venison and make me savory meat that I may eat and give thee my blessing.' Now, therefore, my son, obey my voice and do what I tell thee. Go thou to the flock and fetch me thence two kids and I will make savory meat for thy father such as he likes, and thou shalt take it to thy father that he may eat, so that he may give thee his blessing instead of giving it to Esau."

It is very sad to think that the mother of Jacob should have asked her son—her boy—to go through this lie in order to cheat and deceive her aged husband. It may be easier for us to forgive Jacob, because it was urged upon him; yet we cannot help thinking he ought to have refused at once. A father is a father, and a lie is a lie.

But now that Jacob knew how his mother wanted that he should have the blessing and become the head of the family instead of Esau, he had not the strength to say No. He had thought about this all along, and the temptation was too great. Then too, he had made the beginning in the way he had stolen the promise from Esau a long while before. And he said to his mother: "My father will feel me; behold, my brother is a hairy man and I am a smooth man; I shall seem to my father as a deceiver and he will curse me rather than give me his blessing." Then the mother said to him: "Upon me be the curse, my son; do thou obey my voice and go and fetch the kids." An he went and brought the kids and gave them to his mother and she made savory meat such as his father loved. Then Rebekah

took the raiment of her son which was with her in the house and put it upon Jacob, and she put the skins of goats upon his hands and upon the smooth of his neck, and she gave the savory meat and the bread which she had prepared, into the hand of her son Jacob.

Then he came unto his father and said, "My father," and the father said, "Here am I; who art thou?" and Jacob answered—Just think of this. I wish I did not have to tell you the words but I must—"I am Esau thy first born. I have done according as thou badest me. Arise, I pray thee; sit and eat of my venison and then give me thy blessing."

Isaac for a moment suspected something. I am not sure but that he knew of the character of Jacob; because a boy could not have acted this way towards his brother and not have in some way done other mean acts. It is hard to think that a father should be obliged to feel this way about his boy; but it could not be helped. There was that awful deed which Isaac knew nothing about, when Jacob had stolen that promise about the birthright. And since that time, Jacob had never been the good, honest boy he had been before; there was something about him different in his voice. And the old father before becoming blind, had somehow seen this in his boy and had been troubled about it.

He was now going to make very sure that the son before him was Esau, and so he said: "Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son; whether thou be my very son Esau or not." And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and the father felt his hands and his neck and said, "The voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are the hands of Esau." You see, he could not tell, because of the way Rebekah had put the clothing and skins upon Jacob.

I cannot help wondering why Jacob did not tremble or not let the venison fall, when saying those words to his old, blind father. But Isaac asked him again, "Art thou my very son, Esau?" and Jacob said "I am." And then the old father said: "Bring near to me the venison that I may eat of it." And Jacob brought it to him and Isaac did eat. Then Jacob knelt down before the old man, and the father raised his hands to lay them upon the head of Jacob and give him the blessing, making him the head of the family and giving to him all his wealth, saying: "Let people serve thee and nations bow down to thee; be lord over thy brethren and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee. Cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be every one that blesseth thee."

I am sure by this time that Jacob must have been trembling all over at the thought of the awful lie he was guilty of. But Isaac would not have understood what the trembling meant. At last the blessing was over and Jacob went away. At the very moment when Jacob passed out, Esau came in with the venison, bringing it unto his father. And he said to Isaac, his old father: "Let my father rise and eat of his son's venison and give him the blessing."

Isaac, you may be sure must have trembled when he heard this, as he gasped out: "Who art thou?" And Esau answered him, "Thy son, thy first-born, Esau." And Isaac answered, "Who then, is he who hath taken venison and brought it to me and I have eaten of it before thou camest and have given him the blessing?"

Then Esau understood. It must be he had forgotten how, years before, when very hungry and at the point of death, he had promised his birthright to Jacob for some food. But it all came back to him now when he had lost that birthright and was no longer to be the head of the family. And he cried out with an exceeding great and bitter cry, saying unto his father, "Bless me, even me, also, O my father."

It was too late. The blessing had been given; the words had been spoken. According to the law of that country when the words had been said, they could not be taken back. And so the father could only answer: "Thy brother came with venison and hath taken away thy blessing." But still Esau kept pleading with his father, asking if he had not also a blessing for him, and Isaac could only answer: "Alas, I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; what then shall I do for thee, my son?" But Esau kept saying to his father, "Hast thou not one blessing for me, my father? Bless me, even me, also, O my father!" and Esau lifted up his voice and wept and the poor old father wept with him.

But there was nothing to be done. The blessing had been given. Jacob was to become the head of the family.

To the Teacher: In the analysis of the character of Jacob, dwell upon him all along as a weak man rather than one thoroughly bad. Show how such a person tends to become underhanded or "tricky" by his very nature. Point out a certain want of manliness about Jacob. Emphasize the positive awfulness of deceiving one's father—as if it were almost like parent-murder—and most of all, an aged blind father. On the other hand, be very careful in the way you speak of the sin of Rebekah. It should be regarded more as giving way to a weakness. We must be careful about encouraging children to pass judgment upon mothers. Suitable pictures will not easily be found for this lesson. Poor ones would be worse than none at all.

Memory Verses:—*Hast thou not one blessing for me, my father? Bless even me, also, O my father.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth.*

The eighteen chapters of this book discuss the old but ever new problems of the religious life, especially on its thought side. The atonement, inspiration and incarnation are critically examined. Calvin is handled without gloves. Creeds are made to look as hideous as possible. The antagonism between theology and religion is elaborately emphasized. The praises of modern science are loudly sung. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is relegated to the "twilight of the past." At the close there is a jubilant plea for "the marriage of reason and religion."

It is evident that Mr. Frank is a wide reader and an earnest student. He has scattered through these pages many striking statements, substantially true; and yet many of them remind us of precious stones that have a flaw. They are so often imperfect statements; there is something else to be added. He too often neglects the historic perspective. The criticism is not sufficiently appreciative. The effort to startle, if not to shock,outranks the desire to understand and instruct, as in the chapter heading, "The Defamation of Deity or the Scandal of Theology." In all probability this acidity of tone is due to the painful experiences through which he has passed in freeing himself from superstitions. In this respect his is only one of many similar cases that deserve great sympathy. Orthodoxy has a great deal to answer for; it has sent into revolt thousands of earnest souls.

But what is more and more needed today is the religious teacher who will get down to the heart of orthodoxy and expand the good that he finds there; who will criticise by creation; who will skillfully help the dogmatist and the doubter to make an easy transition to a better faith; who will foster the evolution rather than the revolution of religion; who will be the apostle of love as well as the advocate of truth; who will be sincere without severity and enthusiastic without bigotry, and who will not let his hatred of super-

*The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. By Henry Frank. Putnam's. 399 pp. 1901. $1.50.

stition blind him to the real spirituality of his ancestors or his zeal for science wean him from the simple pieties that make life strong and beautiful.

I would not enter any harsh criticism against Mr. Frank and his book, which many will find helpful; but it seems to me that the discussion is somewhat lacking in breadth of horizon and tenderness of spirit. As the years pass just this sort of book will less and less be needed. J. H. CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Common People.*

First this is a fine piece of book making by the James West Company, of Boston. This volume, moreover, is as fine in thought as it is in style of binding, which is more than can be said of many books. Originally a series of addresses in the People's Church, Boston, these heart to heart talks are now on their way to a larger audience. Eight essays constitute the volume: Common People at Home, Work, Play, Study, Politics, Church, as Neighbors, and Common People Climbing. It is a manly, straightforward discussion of some very common, but very important, everyday problems of everyday people. The discussions are simple and yet profound, easily understood yet get hold of the heart of the things discussed. It will be a rare and helpful addition to the home study table. The treatment of the vexed problem of play, for instance, is a sane treatment. There is no word of cant in the volume from beginning to end. R. H. W.

Two Late Novels.†

*This is a touching yet a thrilling story, but the reader never can quite forgive the author for taking the splendid Sir William Johnson so untimely from the stage of action, even for the altogether laudable purpose of historical accuracy. Here is an elegant gentleman, born and bred, of the old school, and yet entirely clear of old-fogy notions. The hero has a sort of "Pendennis" suggestion about him, although he is a far more robust specimen, to my mind, than that worthy yet rather colorless young gentleman. Cardigan wins and holds us, in spite of his frequent attacks of pig-headed dullness. A dunce in the schoolroom, he is every inch a man in the field. The story of his flight through the forest wilds, alone, yet hotly pursued by a quartette of bitter enemies, on his journey to Cresap's camp, makes the blood leap in one's veins. And in contrast with this stands out in strong relief the experiences of his sweetheart, surrounded by her bevy of dissipated carpet knights, and drinking in all the social splendors of a governor's court. Perhaps three of the most real characters in the book are those of Jack Mount, Saul Shemuel and the Weasel, though far from the most attractive. The story is laid mainly in pre-Revolutionary times, though the closing chapters leave the reader in the peaceful tranquillity of country life after the awful war is over. The entire book is interesting reading.

**This is not so winning a story as "The Battle of the Strong," by the same author, but it is a more powerful one. One feels that it ends just as, artistically, it must, and yet Charles Mallard, the reformed Charlie Steele, was certainly worthy of a better fate. If it is possible for a Charlie Steele, hard, cold, brilliant, selfish, skeptical, to evolve into his later self, generous, wholesouled, simple, natural, self-giving, then there is hope for the moral flowering of the worst of us. There is something so terribly tragic and awful about the groundwork of the story that the reader feels himself to be breathing an almost thick, tense atmosphere at times. Still, the tale is fascinating, and one reads on devotedly to the noble aspirations of the close. The scene of the story is a tiny French-Canadian village in the early days. B. L. G.

*James H. West Co., 17 Milk street, Boston. Price $1. Common People. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.

*Cardigan. A Novel. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 513. Price $1.50. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

**The Right of Way. A Novel. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Cloth, pp. 419. Price $1.50. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

Reviews by J. C. Chadwick.

PHILIPPO DI SER BRUNNELLESCO.*

Why Mr. Scott should have spelled the name of his subject Brunellesco on his cover and in the first lines of his preface, and Brunelleschi, the more common form, all the rest of the way, passes our comprehension. The book is one of a series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." For the average reader, who has any associations with the name of Brunelleschi, they are confined to the great Duomo of Florence, the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and of this he knows little more than that Michel Angelo said of its mighty dome when he had the commission to build St. Peter's, "Better than thee I cannot, but like thee I will not." But, indeed, the story of Brunelleschi is a great story, and Mr. Scott has told it well, though not so well, so far as concerns the Duomo, as Prof. Norton in his "Church Builders of the Middle Ages." Reading Mr. Scott's book, we find that Brunelleschi did a great deal of work besides the Duomo, or, to speak more exactly, besides that on the dome of the Duomo. A list of his architectural works comprises thirty-seven numbers, several of them of so much importance as to have given him name and fame if he had not swung the great cathedral dome in air. He was of the great company of innovators to whom belong Columbus and Copernicus and Dante and Sam Adams and Garrison. His innovation was the introduction of Renaissance architecture. There will always be those who think that by arresting the course of Italian Gothic he did more harm than good, but Italian Gothic had at best a superficial character, as had that of England, not the logical coherency of Amiens, Rouen and Rheims. Moreover, Brunelleschi must not be held responsible for Italian Renaissance in its ultimate development. His work was remarkable for its classic purity. Could he have imagined that Renaissance architecture would one day arrive at the fantastical clumsiness of the eighteenth century *baroque* he would have cursed the day when he was born.

Whatever it has to teach us of Brunelleschi's other work, the main interest of Mr. Scott's book centers in the construction of the great dome of Santa Maria. Many were the delays and the vicissitudes of the great work; splendid was the confidence and daring of the architect and his fight with the Philistines of the Masonic Guild, which had done good work in its day, but now stood in the way of a man too great for them to comprehend. The whole history is set forth in an interesting manner, so untechnical for the most part as to be understood and enjoyed by any reader of good intelligence who has read enough in architecture to be well acquainted with its elementary principles.

OLD TIME GARDENS.**

If we may not say quite positively that the last offspring of Mrs. Earle's antiquarian talent is the best, nor that its subject is the best so far, we can say without hesitation that Old Time Gardens is the loveliest and sweetest subject that she has chosen for her fond backward looks. There is here the same happy grouping of subjects as before, the same remarkable diligence in seeking out the matter which

*Filippo Di Ser Brunellesco. By Leader Scott. London. George Bell & Sons. 1901.

**"Old Time Gardens," newly set forth by Alice Morse Earle. A Book of the Sweet of the Year. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901.

her work requires. Seldom have we seen a book that reminds us so keenly of the debt we owe to the photographer. Here, besides the quaint initial letters from old English herbals, there are 476 photographic illustrations, only a few of which are reproductions. They are an immense addition to the book's impression of beauty and reality and many of them—the most—are full of charm. It will be a surprise to many persons that so many old-fashioned gardens have persisted into our own time.

We had expected for a motto Bacon's "God Almighty first planted a garden," etc., but clearly Mrs. Earle has enough strength of mind to deny herself the inevitable quotation. The table of contents gives us a list of twenty-two chapters ranging from "Colonial Garden Making" to "Roses of Yesterday." In the last we read of "rose-tobacco," but not of the simpler "rose-cakes," about which Emerson asked me, sharing his maple sugar on the train, "Does it taste as good as the rose-cakes which you made when you were a boy?" and I confessed that it did not. Moreover, in this chapter we would have had somewhere the refrain of Touguénieff's prose-poem, "How lovely and sweet those roses were." Between the first chapter and the last are packed immeasurable sweets. I can only give a few of the twenty chapter names and testify that the others are as good: "Front Dooryards," "Box Edging," "The Herb Garden," "In Lilac Tide," "Comfort me with Apples," "Childhood in a Garden," "Meetin' Seed and Sabbath Day Posies," "Sun Dials," "A Moonlight Garden,", "Flowers of Mystery." For me, as I have wandered through the pages of this book, I have been accompanied by three maiden ladies, as dainty-sweet as those of Cranford town, who had a garden fair enough to be reported here; two of them have it still, the third is gathering asphodel. One other thought has been with me: how Celia Thaxter would have rejoiced in such a book as this! It will find its way to many hearts prepared for it and its praise of gardens will awaken in many others a desire to enter into and appropriate these tender mysteries.

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY.*

Strength, poetry, beauty. These three words describe a small part of the charm of this novel. And that word—beauty—is itself, in this case at least, comprehensive. Here is a limpid purity and delicacy of style; a rare appreciation of the charms of nature, and pictures drawn with the love of a lover; types of humanity marvelous in their winsomeness, their sturdy strength, or their perfect physical endowment. And they are not wooden models on which beauty and grace are hung as external decorations, but individualities, purposeful, energetic, pervasive. The story, it is true, is in the main a tragic one, but behind every tear drop lurks the hopeful smile of courage; in every dramatic event one sees the fuller development of character. The hero, born to all the glories of life—active intellectual vigor, wealth, rank, charm, beauty of feature, is yet a dwarf. And this thorn in the flesh, directly or indirectly, is the cause of all the stirring situations in this forceful romance.

The scenes are mainly laid in the northern part of Hampshire, at a lovely English country seat known as Brockhurst. London and Naples also figure less prominently in the story. Richard Calmady hates his deformity with all the intensity of a refined, artistic temperament, and with all the despair of one endowed with a splendid fund of physical vigor. The splendid racing stables and fine stud left him by his father possessed an almost ironical attraction for him. His own description of himself is pathetic: "Cripple, dwarf, the last, as he ought to be, of an unlucky race—a man who's carried up and down stairs like an infant, who's strapped to the saddle, strapped to the driving seat—who is cut off from most forms of activity and of sport—a man who will never have any sort of career—who has given himself, in expiation of past sins, to the service of human beings of a degree more unfortunate than himself." Yet in spite of all these defects, the man struggles bravely through many untoward events, at last rising superior to what had seemed a life curse.

There are no weaklings in this story as far as the author is concerned. And there are at least a half score of characters in which her firm creative force shines resplendent. Perhaps there has never been a more beautiful picture of devoted mother love, here so well illustrated in Katherine Calmady; or a keener analysis of a woman beautiful, divinely beautiful, refined, cultured, yet given over entirely to the lusts of the flesh and a vicious desire to be all-conquering. With a half humorous touch, Lady Louisa Barking, Ludovic Quayle, Lord Shotover, Lord Fallowfield, and even pretty, guileless little Lady Constance, spring into life full-fledged; while rugged Dr. Knott easily dominates every scene in which he enters.

There are many strong scenes in the book, but the most moving perhaps are those in which the hero and his mother absorb the entire attention, as in that eloquent passage where young Richard appeals to his mother not to hate him because of his deformity; and she answers with that splendid vindication of the devotion of mother love, which thrills one to the heart while forcing the quick tears to his eyes. The author's great strength is that at the crucial points in the story she never fails us. She never falls into ranting excess, yet is ever fully equal to the situation. The romance is a most inspiring one, and after all the racking tempests of passion, the author's sun sets clear and radiant in a cloudless sky.

*The History of Sir Richard Calmady. A Romance, by Lucas Malet. Cloth. pp. 687. Price, $1.50. New York: Dood Mead & Co.

Notes.

From George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia, I have recived a capital addition to the list of good animal stories. It is entitled "Pussy Meow," and is written by S. Louise Patteson. We have now a delightful group of books calculated to cultivate a finer humanity. Among these are "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Jess," "Diomed," and "Pussy Meow." This last book is thoroughly worthy of finding a place with its famous predecessors. It aims to do for the cat what others have done for the horse and dog. Another book from the same publishers is the work of John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies." It is not equal to the earlier production, but is a really good book for boys.

From the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, we have received a posthumous work of Maurice Thompson, entitled "Rosalynde's Lovers." It is a sweet, gentle, and on the whole a pleasant story. It will do no harm in the world, which is more than can be said of most of the novels of the present day.

Public Opinion has improved so much during the past year that I am in doubt which is best, this, or *Literary Digest*. You will not go amiss if you secure both. Our old friend, the *New England Magazine*," has gone out of New England, to make its home in New York. Edwin D. Mead is also gone from the editor's chair. However, it retains the old flavor and is in every way a capital magazine.

E. P. Powell.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for today,
Whatever clouds may dark tomorrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

Goethe.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The respect of your own conscience, under God, is the one enduring possession.

MON.—Patience is at once a mark of power over one's self, and a means of power over others.

TUES.—The achievement which comes through trial and failure is nobler in quality than that which seems to come of itself.

WED.—The success wrought into a man's character through patience is a means of help and inspiration to all those about him.

THURS.—True success lies not in the gaining of authority, but in the use of authority.

FRI.—It is not the development of new ideals that brings the truest success, but the interpretation and expression of those ideals in such a way that they shall be a public possession.

SAT.—Seek to achieve a character and a fixity of purpose which it is beyond the power of fortune to take away.

—*Arthur T. Hadley, Pres't Yale Univ.*

When the Rain is Over.

When the rain is over,
When the clouds have pass'd,
And the golden sunshine
Beams again at last;
All the earth is fairer,
Ev'ry freshened flow'r
Lifts its head to answer:
"Thank you, little show'r!"

When the show'r is over,
When the rain is done,
Nature's all the sweeter,
Brighter shines the sun!

When the tears are over,
When the pain has pass'd,
And the smiles and dimples
Come again at last;
Never mind the bruises,
Laugh away the fears;
Answer like the flowers:
"Thank you, little tears!"

When the tears are over,
Smiles come back again;
Life is all the sweeter
For the drops of rain!

—*Little Folks.*

His Sister.

Those who contend that the evil influences of heredity may be changed to good in a new and more wholesome environment will find confirmation of their cheerful philosophy in a story which comes from a settlement house in one of the "slum" districts of New York.

A visitor to the school attached to the settlement was watching the children at play. She became deeply interested in the care and attention bestowed upon a little crippled girl by a boy some years older. He had evidently done his best to make himself presentable. Hands and face were clean, his patched and faded clothes had been carefully brushed, and his much worn shoes had been polished even to the heels.

He followed the little girl as she limped excitedly around the outskirts of the noisy group in whose pastime she could not actively share. He restrained her impetuosity, and when harm seemed to threaten from the excited crowd, he interposed himself between her and the danger. When she grew tired he carried rather than led her to a convenient resting place, and seated himself beside her, apparently content to be a spectator with her, although his comrades were shouting to him to "come on out and have some fun."

"Is she his sister?" the visitor asked of the superintendent.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "She came as a sister, providentially, but she is really not a relative at all.

"He was one of my toughest boys at first—was incorrigible, in fact; and he tried my patience severely.

"'I wish I had a sister,' he said to me one day, after I had scolded him for something he had done. This I took to be the first awakening of a desire for better things, and I was both surprised and encouraged.

"'It would be very pleasant if you had,' I said.

"'You bet!' he replied, and then added, confidentially, 'You see it's this way: There's me fader, he licks Louie; Louie licks Jakie and Jakie licks me; but I ain't got nobody to lick! If I had a sister, I wouldn't do a t'ing to her—oh no! See?'

"When this little girl came to the school he regarded her at first with scorn and indifference. 'A gimpy,' as he called her, was an object of curiosity rather than of sympathy. But one day, while standing near the other children at play, she was crowded and thrown down. Her cry—more of fright than pain, for she was not hurt—seemed to appeal to feelings that had never been touched before. He rushed forward almost savagely, pushed the other children aside, and taking her up in his arms, carrried her to the same seat where they are now. He soothed and consoled her, scowling in a shamefaced way at the other boys, who laughed at him, of course; and ever since then, in school or out, going or coming, he has watched over her like a brother.

"He has found a sister, and more, he has found his better self. I have had no trouble with him since that day. He has been obedient, and in many ways helpful to me, and I shall do everything in my power to see that the good that is in him shall not be lost to himself or to society."—*Youth's Companion.*

Leopards at Kindergarten.

The first active step which a trainer takes in the education of an animal which has never been handled is to test its temper.

As he slipped into a cage in which were a leopard and a jaguar, a trainer thrust before him an ordinary kitcher chair of light hardwood. This was held in his left hand by gripping two of the central spindles of the back, thereby obtaining an excellent purchase, which enabled him easily to hold the chair outstretced with its legs pointed at the animals. In his right hand he carried a short iron training rod.

The instant the trainer faced his pupils there was a regular feline explosion—a medley of snarls, growls and hisses. And the way those spotted paws slapped and cuffed the rounds of the extended chair which served as a shield to the trainer's legs was something to be remembered. Never before had I seen such a startling exhibition of feline quickness as in this preliminary skirmish between master and pupils. The latter's claws seemed to be everywhere in a moment and played a lively tattoo on the shield and against the point of the rod with which the trainer protected himself. During all the excitement the trainer was as calm as if standing safely outside the cage.

While one of the beasts was engaged in carrying on an offensive warfare, the other would invariably attempt to sneak behind the trainer. How alert the latter was to the movements of the creature, which apparently claimed little of his attention, was impressed on me by the fact that every time the crouching animal attempted to steal past he was met with the quick, sidewise thrusts of the prod, which sent him back, spitting and hissing, into the corner.

In less than half an hour the leopard and the jaguar seemed to realize that they, and not the man, were on the defensive. Their savage dashes were less frequent, and they were more inclined to crouch close to the floor and lash their tails in sullen defiance. Then it was the trainer, and their master, began his first attempt at teaching them.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Lord, Speak to Me.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Foreign Notes.

FRENCH CHILDREN AND THE BOERS.—Correspondents of *Le Protestant* in both Nimes and Havre report the children of the Protestant Sunday schools, both orthodox and liberal, in those cities gladly sacrificing the gifts and bonbons usually distributed among them at their Christmas festival, that the money they would cost might be sent instead to the children of the Boers. In the former city this gift of the children amounted to nearly $160. In Havre beside this Boer collection, the children have been devoting their Sunday pennies to what we would call over here a "fresh-air fund," that is their winter offerings go toward a fund for sending sick children to the country when summer comes. It does one good to see the same ideas and efforts at social service appearing among young and old in so many lands.

APROPOS OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. The following excerpts from the report made by the Rev. Richard A. Armstrong, delegate of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to Liberal Alliance (*Protestantenbond*) recently in session at Utrecht, and published in the London *Observer*, are given to the French public in *Le Protestant*.

"Addressing me in English, the president of the Alliance, after some words of affectionate personal salutation, said: 'As representative of the fraternal Unitarian Association you are cordially welcome to our Protestant Union, notwithstanding the chasm which at this moment separates our two nations. Even in the midst of our deep sorrow there are gleams which promise more of light. You represent, dear sir, you and your association, that brave minority which does not allow itself to be blinded by the seductive glamour of gold and of empire, and courageously defends true principles in ethics and in politics. So, at the same time that we offer you a hand which trembles from the beating of our hearts, we offer you the tribute of our sympathy and our admiration. When you return to England, bear to your brothers our sincere esteem for those sons of a sister nation who dare to stand erect when the moral and religious sentiment about them is so astonishingly disturbed; tell them that we share their grief and indignation, but that we are convinced also that their principles now trampled under foot will yet rise and finally prevail.'

"I have felt obliged by my very position as delegate—continues Mr. Armstrong—to transmit directly to English Unitarians this message of the president of the *Protestantenbond* In my response to it, I explained that my constituency had not charged me to express the sentiments which he attributed to us, and that, whatever might be my own views, the members of our churches were generally much divided on all that concerns the war in South Africa. I should, however, be unfaithful to my mission if I failed to make it evident to your readers that undoubtedly not a single member of the *Protestantenbond* would know how to admit for an instant that any pious and liberal Englishman could approve the attitude and the conduct of England. It was told in open meeting that if I, personally, had been one of those who approve this war the *Protestantenbond* would not have extended to me its hospitality. It was evident that there could not have been any ethical and spiritual communion between its members and those who have approved and defended the course which England is pursuing."

CATHOLIC APPRECIATIONS.—A correspondent of *Le Protestant* notes with satisfaction as possible signs of a better time, two recent utterances in the Catholic press regarding Protestant activities. The first, two articles by Abbe Pinani of Notre Dame on Protestant missions in the nineteenth century; the other, a sympathetic account of the *Correspondent* of the work of General William Booth and his wife and the activities of the Salvation Army. The latter closes with these words: "Unless one be indeed a Manichean, conceiving in this world only absolute error on one side and truth on the other, it is very difficult not to recognize in the work of Catherine and William Booth a gleam of that divine grace, which manifests itself under so many forms and in divers degrees and little by little raises humanity toward more of holiness, justice and love."

"Is there here," asks the *Protestant's* correspondent, "the sign of a new and better time? Will a breath of the spirit of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago be wafted at last through our country, so long torn by confessional hatred?"

M. E. H.

Santa's Reproof.

On Christmas Eve I hung my stocking
By the mantel-shelf, you know;
I confess 'twas shocking! shocking!—
It was "holey" at the toe.

I was quite ashamed next morning,
And I am unto this minute;
Santa left me, as a warning,
Just a darning-needle in it.

—*Susie M. Bert, in "Little Folks."*

The January Good Housekeeping.

Good Housekeeping for January, with a special New Year's cover, a new and very useful department introduced, and new ideas scattered throughout its pages, gives a hint of the brightness and "go" which promise to characterize this favorite magazine during 1902. The new department is entitled "Good Living on Small Outlay: Just Where to Economize." A unique feature of this department is a breakfast whose nutritive value is pictured in diagrams. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, in an interview, speaks wisely and brightly of "Dress as an Educational Factor." A full-length portrait of Mrs. West accompanies the article. Prof. H. W. Wiley, the head of the federal bureau of chemistry, writes of the dangers of formaldehyde as a preservative. There is a handsomely illustrated article on "Where to Find Russian Coppers," and one on "An Ideal Nursery and Its Teachings." "The Dangers of Palmistry" are clearly sounded, and the need of domestic science in women's colleges discussed by notable men and women. The regular departments are exceedingly strong.

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Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the songbirds dwell,
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
God lives, and all is well.

CHORUS:
Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

CHORUS:
Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

—*Bessie S. Pounds.*

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